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COLUMBUS:

Wednesday Morning, Dec. 8, 1852.

The First Cross Word.

"You seem happy, Annette, always. I have never been in a family where the husband and wife seemed more so."

"Well done, Kate," said Mrs. Huntington, laughing, "you have used the word *seem* only twice in that short sentence. And now you have a begging way about you, as if you were really in earnest to hear something about married life, before taking that fatal step. It is well Henry is not here to see the look of sadness in the eye of his bride elect. He might fancy her heart was full of misgivings instead of wedding finery."

"Don't laugh at me, Annette; talk with me as you used to do. I love Henry, you know, and yet I have many misgivings about married life. I see so few who are really happy in this relation—I mean happy as I should wish to be. You seem to come near to it than any one else. Don't you ever—"

"Quarrel? no, not often, now. We had our breaking in. I believe it must come to all, sooner or later."

"Do tell me about it, will you Annette?"

"Yes, if you are very desirous of it. You may learn something from it. I was a romantic girl, as you well know, Kate. Some few friends I had, whom I loved dearly; but these friendships did not quite satisfy my heart. Something more it craved. I hardly knew what, until I loved my husband. When we were first married, I used to ask myself—now, do I find in this life all which I expected to find? Am I as happy as I thought I should be? My heart always responded, yes, or more so. With us, the romance of married life, if I may call it so, held on a long time. For my part, I was conscious of a pleasurable excitement of feeling when we were together. I enjoyed riding and walking *alone* with him. The brightest hours of the day were those in which we sat down together, to talk or read. For a long time I felt a gentle restraint in his presence. I liked to be becomingly dressed, and to feel in tune.—When dull, I made an effort to be social and cheerful if he was present. I had a great fear of getting into the way of setting down stupidly with my husband, or of having nothing to talk about but the children and the butcher's bill. I made a business of remembering every pleasant thing which I read, or heard, or thought, to tell him, and when all these subjects were exhausted, we had each of us a hobby we could ride, so that we were never silent for want of something to say. Thus we lived for a year or two. I was very happy.—I think people were often surprised to see us continue to enjoy each other's society with so much zest.

"But there was this about it. As yet I had nothing to try me. We were boarding; I had no care, and his tenderness and interest was a sovereign panacea for the little ills and roughnesses which must fall to us in our best estate. This could not last forever. He became more and more occupied in his business, and I at length had a house and a baby to look after. Then, for the first time our mutual forbearance was put to the test. Hitherto we had been devoted to each other; now the real cares of life pressed upon us so as often really to absorb our energies. I was the first to feel the change. It seemed to me as if something was overshadowing us. Sometimes I would get sentimental, and think he did not love me as he once did. As I look back now, I am convinced that here was my *first wrong step.* Indulgence in these moods weakened my resolution. It was an injustice to him of which I ought not to have been guilty. It left me, too, with a wounded feeling, as if I had been wronged, which began to affect my spirits.

"I had for some time carried about this little sore spot in my heart. I kept the matter all to myself, for I was in part ashamed and in part too proud to speak of it. Here was another wrong step. There is no security of happiness in married life, but in the most perfect confidence.

"There came a season of damp chilly weather. One morning I got up very irritable. I had taken cold; my head ached, and my baby had been worrisome during the night. In my kitchen I had a cross ignorant servant girl; and on this particular morning she had done her very worst for breakfast. The beef-steak was burned to a cinder, the eggs were like bullets, the bread was half baked, and the coffee, which was our main stay, was execrable. My husband was very patient, with all this, until he came to the coffee, and said in a half vexed tone,

"'I do wish we could ever have any good coffee, Annette, why cannot you make it as mother does?'

"This was a drop too much for me, and I boiled over.

"'You never think any thing on our table fit to be eaten,' said I, and I almost started at the sound of my own voice, 'you had better live at home, if you are not satisfied, or else provide me with decent servants. I cannot do everything—take care of my baby all night, and get the breakfast too.

"'I did not know before that I was so *very* unreasonable,' said he in a tone of injured feeling.

"He sat a few moments, then rose, left his untasted breakfast, put on his hat and went off.—When I heard the door shut behind him all my temper left me. I went into my room, locked myself in, sat down and cried like a child. This was the *first cross word* I had ever spoken to my husband. It seemed to me as if some sudden calamity had befallen us. I worked myself up to such a pitch of feeling, that I walked about the room wringing my hands.

"'O, it is all over with us,' thought I; 'we shall never be happy together again in this world.' This thought made me unspeakably miserable. I felt as if a black pall had fallen around me, and in the future there was only darkness. In my misery I sought to comfort myself by blaming him. 'He need not have spoken so to me, at any rate,' said I, out loud; 'he might have seen how I felt: it was too much for any one to bear. It really was not a bit kind in him. It is plain enough he does not care for my comfort as he once did.—Then to be always telling me what nice things his mother cooks, when he knows I am trying to do my very best to learn to please him. It is really too bad.'

"'Don't look so dreadfully sober, Kate.' My baby cried just here, and I had to run before I was through with my catalogue of grievances; yet I had gone far enough to get well on the wrong track again. I began to calm myself with the reflection, that if there had been a great wrong done, I was not the only one to blame for it. I was dreadful sorry that I had spoken cross to him, but I thought he ought to be sorry, too. Before my baby had finished crying, I came to the conclusion that I would exhibit no signs of penitence until I saw some in him.

"So I bathed my face, that no traces of tears might remain, dressed myself with unusual care, and went down to old Bridget to give some very particular directions about the dinner. I did this with a martyr-like spirit. I meant to try my best to make him sorry for his injustice. I resolved to reproach him with a first rate dinner, good as his mother could cook. To whet the edge of my delicate reproach, I made with my own hands, a most excellent cup of coffee.

"One o'clock came at last, though I thought it never would; the door opened, and I heard his quick step in the hall. Of all things in this world, he was whistling! He came to the table with a bright face, from which every trace of the mornings cloud had disappeared, and as he sat down he looked around with a pleasant expression.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, 'what a nice dinner.'

"'I am glad you are pleased,' said I in a subdued tone.

"'Capital,' said he, 'the best roast we have had this season.'

"He was so much taken up with my delicate reproofs as not to notice that I was out of spirits. I was half pleased and half provoked: but I kept rather still, making little conversation excepting in reply to him.

"After desert I handed him his cup of coffee.—He was astonished. 'Why, Annette,' said he, 'I do believe you went to work to-day to see what you could do.'

"He had hit the truth, though without the least suspicion of the cause. My first impulse was to be honest and out with it by replying, 'is it as good as your mother makes?'" This would have given him the key to the whole story—he would have ferreted it all out, and we should have settled it there; but I felt ashamed to. I sipped my coffee in silence. The golden moments passed, and my good angel took its flight—pride had the day. I even began to be vexed at his enjoying a good dinner so much, and so easily forgetting what had caused me so much suffering. He was very busy on that day, and did not stay with me as long as usual to chat, but went off whistling even more cheerily than when he came.

"I went up into the nursery and sat down to think it over. Baby was asleep; the rain was pattering against the windows, the wind was rising, and to me the world looked dreary enough. I had tired myself all out getting up such a dinner, and now the excitement was over, and I felt the re-action, I began to ask myself what I had got for it. Just nothing at all. My husband either did not or would not see that there was any thing to be reconciled about. I blamed him for his insensibility. 'Once,' thought I, 'he would have noticed any change in my voice or any shadow which came over my spirits; now, I can really be cross to him and he does not mind it at all.'

"I had a doleful afternoon of it. I was restless enough; trying first one employment then another, but finding nothing which would suit. I went down to tea, farther, if anything, from the right point than I had been at noon. I sat down dejected and silent. My husband tried once or twice to engage me in conversation, without success.

"'Annette,' said he at length in a kind tone, 'do you not feel well to-day?'

"'Not very,' said I, with a sigh.

"'What is the matter?'

"'My head aches; the baby kept me awake almost all night.'

"This was the truth, but only in part, and I felt guilty as I said it. Then he begged me to go and lie down on the sofa in the parlor; and said he would read to me any thing which I would like to hear.

"I felt that this was kind in him. It was like old times; the new times you see, had been but a day, but to me it seemed very long; yet it was not what I wanted. I wished to have the trouble cleared away, not bridged over; and I determined to hold out until it should come to this, and he should see and feel that I could not be made happy after a cross word, without a scene of mutual contrition and forgiveness; so I would not stay and be read to, but told him I must go to bed.—I left him in his easy chair, with his study lamp, and book and bright fire, in regular old bachelor style, and went off into the nursery, and then to bed, and cried myself to sleep. You laugh, Kate, as if you thought I was a fool. I think so myself, now."

"How did it all end, Annette?"

"I held out a week, becoming every day more sad and sulky, I may as well call it. When I was left alone, I used to take my baby up and cry over him, as if my husband was dead, and the child was all I had left in the world. Dear me! how unhappy I was, and every day added to it. I would find something in his conduct to pain me every time we met. Either he was too attentive, or not attentive enough; talked too much or too little.

"He bore with my ill humor most patiently, thinking I was ill. One day he came home, and told me he had obtained a week's leave of absence, and had engaged a conveyance, and I must fix up myself and baby, and be ready to start off in an hour. He was going to take me home to my mother's. 'We may as well have a journey as pay doctor's bills, Annette,' said he, 'and as to having you drooping about in this style any longer, I am not going to. We will send off old Bridget, lock up our house, run away from all care, and have some fun.'

"He looked up so kindly, I could have fallen upon his neck and wept my heart out, to think how ugly I had been; but there was no time then to talk it over. I hurried away to pack, but before I was half through with the packing, I resolved that I would tell him the whole story, from beginning to end. The moment I came to this determination, the load was gone; my heart seemed as light as a feather; the expression of my countenance changed, and the tones of my voice were light and cheerful. I was conscious of it, and he noticed it as soon as I joined him at the appointed hour.

"'Why, Annette,' said he, 'getting ready has cured you. We may as well stay at home now.'

"That will do, Kate. The rest of the story will sound sentimental to a third party."

"No, no, Annette, that would be leaving out the very cream of it. Tell me how you settled it."

"Well, we rode on enjoying the change until towards dark. Baby then fell asleep. It was a very quiet hour—every thing about it was beautiful and peaceful. Tears of real penitence came into my eyes, and before I knew it, they were dropping down upon the baby. My husband turned and saw them."

"'Why, Annette,' said he, with the utmost surprise, 'what is the matter?'

"'O, I am so sorry,' said I.

"'Sorry for what, love,' said he, 'are you not happy? Does anything trouble you?'

"'I am so sorry,' said I, 'that I have been so ugly this week.'

"'What do you mean?' said he, looking more and more puzzled.

"'How can you help knowing?' said I. Then I began at the beginning, and told the whole story. How I rose feeling irritable, and was provoked to speak the *first cross word;* how he told me my things were not as not as nice as his mother's, and went off vexed; then how he got over it, and forgot all about it, and would not help me to feel good natured by saying he was sorry. How I had brooded over it all the week—how it had festered away in my heart and poisoned all my enjoyments. What torrents of tears I had shed when alone, as I thought it was all over with us, and we should never love again as we had once loved.

"He heard me through without making a single remark, and then burst into a loud laugh. 'I want to know, Annette,' said he, 'if this is what has ailed you all this week?'

"'Yes,' said I. Upon this he checked our Dobbin and began to turn around.

"'What are you going to do?' said I.

"'Going back,' said he, 'if this is all which is the matter with you.'

"I laughed heartily as he did, for now my sin was confessed, I felt happy; but I pulled the other rein, and drew the whip lash over Dobbin's ears, and away he went like a bird towards my mother's home.

"But we made a resolution then, Kate, that if either had aught against the other, it should be settled before the sun went down; that we might go to sleep, if not 'at peace with all the world,' at least at peace with each other, forgiving and forgiven. This resolution we have faithfully kept, and I have never seen another week of such misery as I have been telling you about, and I trust I never shall. I hope you will find in your new relations, Kate, all the enjoyment we now do. This is the best wish I can offer you—and that your first cross word may also be your *last.*"

The Little Bound Boy's Dream.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

A little fair haired child laid its pale cheek against a pillow of straw.

It had toiled up three pairs of narrow, dark stairs, to gain its miserable garret, for it was a little "bound child," that had neither father nor mother; so no soft bed awaited his tired limbs, but a miserable pallet with one thin coverlet.

It had neither lamp nor candle to light the room, if such it might be called; still that was not so bad, for the beautiful, round moon smiled in upon the poor, bound boy, and almost kissed his forehead, as his eyes closed dreamily.

But after awhile, as he laid there, what a wondrous change came over the place. A great light shone down, the huge black rafters turned to solid gold, and these all studded with tiny, precious, sparkling stones. The broken floor, too, was all encrusted with shining crystals, and the child raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed with a half fearing, half delighted look upon the glorious sight.

One spot on the wall seemed too bright for his vision to endure, but presently, as if emerging from it, came a soft white figure, that stood by the poor bound boy's bedside.

The child shut his eyes, he was a little, only a little frightened, and his heart beat quickly, but he found breath to murmur, "tell me who you are?"

"Look up, be not afraid," said a sweet voice that sounded like the harps of heaven; "look up, darling. I am your brother Willy, sent down from the angels to speak with you, and tell you to bear all your sorrows patiently, for you will soon be with us."

"What, you, my brother Willy? Oh no, that cannot be. My brother Willy was very pale, and his clothes were patched and torn, and there was a hump on his back, and he used to go into the muddy lanes, and pick up bits of wood and chips, but your face is quite too handsome, and your clothes prettier than I ever saw before, and there is no hump on your back—besides, my brother Willy, is dead long ago."

"I am your brother Willy, your immortal brother. My body, with the ugly hump, is dead and turned to ashes; but just as soon as I died I went up to the great heavens, and saw sights that I cannot tell you about now; they were so very, very beautiful. But God, who is your Father and the holy name of Eternity, gave me these bright garments that never get soiled, and I was so happy that I expect my face was changed very much, and I grew tall and very straight, so no wonder you do not know me."

And now the little bound child's tears began to fall.

"Oh!" he exclaimed earnestly, "if I could go to heaven."

"You can go," replied the angel, with a smile of ineffable sweetness. "You have learned how to read well; to-morrow, get your bible and find very reverently—for it is God's most holy book—these words of the Lord Jesus; 'But I say unto you, love your enemies, bless them that curse; do good to those that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.'

"Do all these, and you shall be the child of your Father which is above."

"Even if they beat me?" murmured the little bound boy with a quivering lip.

A flash of light passed over the angel's face as he replied, "the more you forgive, the nearer you will be to heaven."

In another moment the vision had gone, but still the room was all blazing with unearthly radiance.

As the little boy fell back upon his pillow, his wan face reflected the angel's smile, and he thought, "I will forgive them even if they beat me."

Suddenly a more musical voice than the former fell upon his ear. This time he was not afraid, but sitting upright on his miserable couch, he saw a figure that seemed to lift itself to the wall, a ray of intense brightness outlined all its form; its eyes blazed, yet there was a mild beauty in them every time they looked into his own.

"Little one, I am your father," said the form, in melting accents.

"I don't think you can be my father," whispered the boy, timidly. "My father used to look very old indeed; and he got hurt and used a crutch; there were wrinkles on his face, and all over his forehead; his hair was short and white; not long like yours. And my father used to stoop over, and wear a little black apron, and put patches on shoes in a little dark room."

"And what else?"

"He used to pray and sing very sweetly. But I never hear any praying and singing now, sobbed the child, bursting into tears.

"Don't cry, dear little boy, but listen to me. I am your father, your immortal father; that poor, lame body is all gone now, mingled with the dust of the grave yard. As soon as the breath left that deformed body, I was with the shining angels, hosts and hosts of them bore me up to heaven; and the king of that glorious place clothed me in these robes, white and satinless, and gave me this tall beautiful body, which shall never feel corruption. And this was the reason, dear orphan; because I loved Him, and my chief delight was in praying to Him, and talking about Him, and although I was very poor I tried to be honest, and many times went hungry rather than do wrong.

"And, you, if you never forget to say your little prayers that I taught you, if you will keep God's holy commandments, and trust in him always, shall soon be with me in my sweet heavenly home."

Once more the child was left alone, and still the rafters were golden, the walls pearly, the old floor studded with brilliants, and the same soft, mysterious light over all.

A strain of holy music fell faintly upon his enraptured senses; it grew louder, and came nearer and nearer to the head of his little bed. And then a voice—oh! far sweeter than either of the others, sang, "my child my little earthly child, look upon me, I am thy mother."

In a moment, what emotions swelled the bosom of the lonely boy. He thought of her cherished tenderness to him long years ago, of her soft arms around his neck, the gentle lips pressing his forehead; then came up the cruelty of strangers, who after she had been put away in the cold ground, had treated him with such harshness.

He turned towards her; oh, what a glorious being; her eyes were like stars, her hair like the most precious gold; but there was that in her face that none others might truly know. He doubted if the first risen was his brother, if the second was his father, but not once doubted that this beautiful being was his own dear mother.

A little while he kept down his strong feeling, but the thought of the present and the past overpowered him.

"Oh! mother, mother, mother," he cried, stretching forth his little hands, "let me come to you—let me come. There is nobody on this earth like you; no one kisses me now, no one loves me; oh! mother, let me come!" and the hot tears ran down his cheeks.

"My orphan child," she said, in low tones, that thrilled him to the heart, "you cannot come to me now, but listen to me. I am very often near you when you know it not. Every day I am by your side, and when you come to this lonely room to weep, my wings encircle you. I behold you suffer, but I know that God will not give you more sorrow than you can bear. When you resist evil, I whisper calm and tender thoughts into your soul; but when you give way to anger, when you cherish a spirit of revenge, you drive your mother from you; remember that, my little one, your sins drive your mother from you, and displease the great and holy God.

Be good, be happy, even amidst all your trials, and if it is a consolation, know that thy immortal mother often communes with thy soul. And farther, thou shall soon be with me."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother," murmured the boy, springing from his bed, and striving to leap towards her. The keen air chilled him, he looked eagerly all around—there was no light, a solemn stillness reigned, the radiance, the rafters of gold, the silvery beams, the music, the angels—all were gone. And then he knew that he had been dreaming; but oh! what a dream; how strengthening, how cheerful; never, never would he forget it.

The next morning when he went down to his scant breakfast, there was such a beautiful serenity upon his face, sweet gladness in his eyes, that all who looked upon him forbore to taunt and chide him.

He told his dream, and the hearts that listened were softened, and the mother, who held her own babe, was so checked with tears that she could not eat; and the father said that henceforth he would be kinder to the poor boy, and so he was. The child found his way into their affections, he was so meek, so prayerful, so good, and at the end of a twelve-month, when the angels did indeed take him far above to heaven, the whole family wept around the little coffin, as if he were one of their own. But they all felt that he was in the bright heaven, with his brother, and his father, and his dear angel mother.

The Census of 1850.

From the "Abstract" of the late census the New York Times gathers the following important information which it gives in a very compact form.

In respect to territory, it appears that during the last ten years we have extended the area of the United States from 2,055,153 to 3,230,572 square miles, without including the great lakes or the sea bays.

The population gained by these accessions is 172,000. No full returns have as yet come in from California; but assuming its population, partly by estimate, at 165,000, the whole population of the Union is 23,263,488. Absolute increase from 1840, 6,194,035; increase per cent., 36 28; or deducting that from addition of territory, and the relative increase is 35 27 per cent.

The number of whites is 19,630,738, and the relative increase the last ten years is 38.28 per cent.

The slaves amount to 3,204,089; relative increase, 28.81 per cent.

The number of free colored is 428,661; relative increase since 1840, 10 96 per cent.

If we refer to the data of previous tables it appears that the increase of the whites in the Union every decade since 1790 has been very equal; being lowest from 1820 to 1830, (33.95 per cent;) and highest in the last, (38.28 per cent.) With the slaves the greatest increase was from 1820 to 1830, (30.61 per cent;) and the last from 1830 to 1840, (23.8 per cent.) The average increase of the free colored, on the other hand, has regularly diminished since 1790; being 82 2 per cent, in the first decade, 25 25 in the third, and rising a little in the fourth, it falls in this last to 10.96 per cent. A fact worth considering as respects the probable destiny of this race.

In the most favored country of Europe, the report states, the decimal increase is less than 1½ per cent. In forty years with the present rate of increase on both continents, the population of the Union will exceed that of England, France, Spain, Portugal, Sweeden, and Switzerland combined.

As respects the rate of increase in the different New England States during the last ten years, it is greatest in Rhode Island (35.57) and least in Vermont (7.59)—which is also the least in the whole Union.

What is somewhat remarkable, the rate of increase in the great States of New York Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Maryland is *less* than in either Rhode Island or Massachusetts.

In the whole Union Wisconsin shows the greatest ratio, (890.48;) next Iowa, (345 84;) then Arkansas, (114 85;) and Michigan, (87.33.)

In regard to the number of immigrants, the report goes into an extended, though, as it seems to us, hardly thorough enough examination. The conclusion is that there are now, of immigrants and their descendants, since 1790, in the Union, 4,350,934. Of these, 1,542,880 arrived during the last ten years, or about double the number of the previous decade.

Tables are given for the density of population of the States. Massachusetts and Rhode Island are the two most populated—the former having 127.49 inhabitants to the square mile; the latter 112.97. The least are Texas, (0 89 to the square mile) and Florida (1.47.) Taking the 31 States, the average number is 15.54 to the square mile; with the whole area it is 7.2.

The number of slaves manumitted and escaped during the year ending June, 1850, is given.—The latter amount in all to 1,011; the former to 1.467. Maryland loses the most (279,) then Kentucky (96) and then Louisiana, (90.) Of the manumitted, Maryland claims 494, Delaware 277, and Virginia 218.

Of the slaves in the respective States, Virginia has the largest number—472,420; the next South Carolina, 384,934; and the smallest, Florida, 39,309; and Delaware, 2,289.

The free colored are most numerous in Maryland—74,077; and in Virginia, 53,829; Pennsylvania has also 53,323. The least numbers are in Iowa, 335; and Texas, 331.

A table of the number of deaths and their ratio to the living in each State has been also made.

From this it appears that the two States where the number of deaths is greatest in proportion the living are Massachusetts and Louisiana! The ratio in the former being one to every 51.23, and in the latter one to every 42.85. Wisconsin, Vermont, Iowa, and Florida, are apparently the healthiest—the average of the first being one to every 105.82; of the second, to 100.29; of the third and fourth, to 94 06 and 93 67.

As regards the press, the result of the census speak well for the intelligence of our people. The whole number of papers and periodicals in the United States in June 1, 1850, was 2,800; circulation, 5,000,000, and the number of copies printed annually, 422,600,000.

For the very important statistics of manufactures and agriculture, we can give but a brief space.

The entire capital invested in manufactures in the United States is estimated in round numbers at $530,000,000

Nature of raw material,	550,000,000
Amount paid for labor,	240,000,000
Value of manufactured articles,	1,020,300,000
Number of persons employed,	1,050,000,000

In the manufacture of cotton goods, Massachusetts stands first; New Hampshire second, and Rhode Island third—Pennsylvania following next.

In woolen goods, Massachusetts first; New York second; Connecticut third, and Pennsylvania fourth.

In the manufacture of Pig Iron, Pennsylvania produces (in value) about half the whole production of the Union. Ohio stands second, and Maryland third.

In Castings, New York produces the greatest value; then Pennsylvania, followed by Ohio and Massachusetts.

Of Wrought Iron, Pennsylvania works rather more than half the product of the whole Union; followed by New York, Virginia and Ohio.

In Agricultural Productions, Pennsylvania produces the greatest number of bushels of wheat; Ohio, and then New York, and then Virginia closely follow.

The first Wool-producing State is Ohio, and next New York.

Of live stock, New York has the greatest value; next Ohio, and next Pennsylvania.

Ohio produces the most wine; followed by Pennsylvania, and then Illinois.

In Hemp, Kentucky leads, followed by Missouri.

Of Maple Sugar, New York shows the greatest production, and Vermont the next.

In Cane Sugar, Louisiana produces nearly three-quarters of the production of the whole Union; Florida is second.

In Home-Made Manufactures Tennessee leads.

Tennessee also leads in the production of *hogs*, the following being the returns of the West:

Ohio, in 1850, produced	1,964,770 hogs.
Kentucky,	2,861,163 do
Illinois,	1,915,900 do
Indiana,	2,263,776 do
Tennessee,	3,114,411 do
Total	12,119,73.

There is little danger of the country starving when the production in five States is half a hog to every human being in the Union. If it is now over 12,000,000 What will it be in 1860.

The Empress Josephine, and the Fortune Teller.

Another hurried glance through the prismatic glass of history, will show us some romantic and wonderful incidents in the career of *La Belle Creole*—the future Empress of France. Josephine was not ten years old when it appeared that Terpsichore was the goddess who most engaged her worship. Notwithstanding the warmth of the climate, and the feebleness of her constitution, dancing seemed to animate her whole being; and such was the delirium into which this exercise plunged her, that it was easy for a careful observer to see that this pleasure was likely to engross her time. She was exceedingly fond of vocal music; and her flexible voice was well adapted to light and tender airs. The ballad was the kind of song which pleased her most; her plaintive tones seemed made to administer pleasure to her languid spirits. She would give to each tune a slow accent, and the ravishing melody enchanted her ear and seduced her heart.

"My good and pretty little child," said her mother, "your character and heart are excellent, but your *head—oh!* what a head!"

In recounting to her friends the circumstances of her childhood, Josephine gave the following picture of herself: "I did not like the restraint of my clothing, nor to be cramped in my movements. I ran and jumped, and danced, from morning to night. Why restrain the wild movements of my childhood? I wanted to do no hurt to those from whom I received any evidence of affection. Nature gave me a great facility for everything I undertook.—Learning to read and write was mere sport; the same was true as to the instructions I received from my father; and there were few better taught men, or possessing a more skillful manner of making himself understood. I had no other master until I was twelve years old; and then they received from my father the same direction which he had given in reference to *Maria*, (the eldest sister of Josephine, and commonly called *Manette.*) My lessons were presented to me only in the form of amusements, I know not whether this method would succeed with all children, but I well know that in my case it was followed by the happiest result."

At the time when Josephine felt the flames of love burning warmly for a young English nobleman, whose parents resided in the Isle of Martinique, she formed the project of visiting a famous fortune-teller named Euphemia, for the purpose of ascertaining her future destiny. Having fixed upon the day, Josephine accompanied by two of her young female friends, whom she inspired with the same curiosity proceeded, to the home of the Pythoness.

"My pretty Creoles" said the old hag, "do not be afraid or sorry that you have honored me with your visit." Then turning to one of the graces, she continued, "Though you are young, you have had considerable experience in aiding your mother in the government of several households; you will marry a man from another colony; you will be the mother of one daughter, and spend nearly the whole of your life in Europe; yours will be the ephemeral part on the theatre of the world, but your fortune, will always sustain you." She then examined the cursied lines of Miss S—'s left hand, and said, "Your parents will soon send you to Europe to complete your education. Your ship will be taken by the Algerine corsairs; you will be led away captive, and immediately conducted into a seraglio. There you will have a son*; this son shall reign gloriously, but his steps to the throne will first have been sprinkled with the blood of one of his predecessors. (The unfortunate Sultan Selim II.) You will never enjoy the public honor of the Court, but you will occupy a vast and magnificent palace, &c., &c." At length, Josephine's time came. Euphemia examined the ball of her left thumb with marked attention, and then gave the following account to the future Empress: "Your star promises you two marriages. Your first husband (*Alexander, Viscount de Beauharnais,*) will be a man born in Martinique, but he will reside in Europe, and wear a sword; he will enjoy some moments of good fortune. A sad legal proceeding will separate you from him, and after many great troubles which are to befall the Kingdom of the *Franks*—he will perish tragically, and leave you with two helpless children (Eugene and Hortense.) Your second husband will be of olive complexion, of European birth, without fortune, yet will he become famous; he will fill the world with his glory and subject a great many nations to his power; you will then become an eminent woman, and possess a supreme dignity; but many people will forget your kindness. After having astonished the world you will die miserable. The country in which what I foretell must happen, forms a part of Celtic Gaul; and more than once, in the midst of your prosperity, you will regret the happy and peaceful life you led in the colony. At the moment you shall quit Martinique, a prodigy shall appear in the air—this will be the first harbinger of your astonishing destiny."

For several months the mother of Josephine amused herself with the dream of her daughter's future fame, and often repeated the beautiful thought of Lucan—"the Oracles of Heaven shows the future only through a cloud."

This singular prophecy of the Martinique fortune teller is as well attested as any of Dodona or Delphos, and though it no doubt may have received some coloring from the re-actionary influence of fulfilment, there can be little question but that some such revelations were made by the superannuated gipsy to her young and laughter-loving visiters, then blooming like sequestered flowers, but destined to fill imperial courts with their fragrance and beauty.—*Mobile Register.*

*The late Sultan Mahamond the greatest sultan who ever reigned—was the son of this American girl.

BREAD AND BUTTER.—Mr. Jordan was a bachelor on the shady side of forty, and consequently was subject to the tender mercies of boarding-house keepers. Circumstances had kept Mr. Jordan an inmate of Mrs. Wigging's boarding-house for a long time, and Mrs. W. was a lady of one idea, viz: economy. Her experiments in economical philosophy and philosophical economy were, for the most part, brought to bear upon the stomachs of her boarders, as 'vittles' is the principal item of expense in mediocre boarding-houses.—Mr. Jordan had been startled by some of the aforesaid experiments, but had borne with patience the present and certain evil, 'rather than fly to others that he knew not of;' until one day, when butter was scarce and high, Mrs. W. hit upon the economical plan of spreading with her own economical hands the butter upon the allowances of bread she doled out to her boarders—excusing herself for this interference in their affairs by stating, in the blandest manner, that she assumed that task, cheerfully, to save them the trouble!

Mr. Jordan came home to tea rather late upon the first evening of this new dodge, and sat down in the presence of all the other boarders and received a slice from Mrs. Wiggins, who had gone through the ceremony of buttering it before his eyes. Mr. Jordan eyed the bread inquistively, and began to turn the bread from side to side and scrutinize it closely through his spectacles.

"What is the matter with your bread and butter?" demanded Mrs. Wiggins.

"Nothing—nothing—no-thing," replied Mr. Jordan, still turning the piece over, and persisting in his scrutiny.

"I'm positive, Mr. Jordan, that you do see something. Now I want," said Mrs. Wiggins, her face becoming flushed with excitement—"I want my boarders to tell me right out when their vittles does not suit! Now, Mr. Jordan, what is it?"

Mr. Jordan laid down the slice upon his plate, raised his spectacles to his forehead and replied with great deliberation—

"Mrs. Wiggins, there is nothing the matter with the bread, I assure you. But Mrs. Wiggins," and here Mr. Jordan glanced mischievously down the vista of attentive faces, "I have lived in this world eight and forty years, and I find myself this evening such a simpleton, that I cannot tell which side of my bread is buttered!"—*Literary Museum.*

MISSISSIPPI.—This State still repudiates. The people have said in their popular vote, "the debt is not just, and we will not pay it." There was fraud, mismanagement, speculation, in the issue of the Planters' Bank Stock Co. This the people understood. They said at first, we will not pay a stiver of the claim. Now a large body of them declare; "true there was fraud, but the innocent shall not suffer, nor our word be made forfeit therefore." And that declaration will prevail in the end. A little more of discussion and of explanation, and the people of Mississippi will decide right.

This is no party question. Whigs and Democrats in Mississippi vote together, many of both sides going for repudiation, and many of both voting against it. And let us say, that there are not many people, as a whole, who would not act, under the circumstances, otherwise than the people of that State have acted in regard to these repudiated bonds. They were cheated. The blackest frauds were practised. It was thought by them, that all parties interested in these bond claims, were equally guilty. They scoffed at all of them, and refused to have any thing to do with them, or even to hear them. Their purpose was honest. An honest feeling controlled them throughout.—And that same purpose and feeling will bring them right, and cause them to do what is right in the premises. This is our belief, and, if all the facts were known, the papers would not charge it to party, and the whole press would be less severe in its judgment upon Mississippi.—*Cleveland Democrat.*